THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. XI. FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1901. NO. 15.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. Blanton.
TOWN COUNCIL—By Committees.
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and E. L. Morris.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Erambert.
Sanitary—W. E. Anderson, A. E. Cralle and J. B. Farrar.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Cralle and E. L. Erambert.
Light—E. L. Morris, W. E. Davidson and J. B. Farrar.
Street—J. R. Martin, E. L. Morris and W. E. Anderson.
Solicitor—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Erambert and A. E. Cralle.
Bonds—H. E. Wall, E. L. Erambert and W. P. Gilliam.
Opera House—E. L. Erambert, A. E. Cralle and W. E. Anderson.
Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and J. R. Martin.
Poor—E. L. Frambert, A. E. Cralle and J. B. Farrar.
Water—A. E. Cralle, E. L. Erambert and J. R. Martin.
Safety—J. B. Farrar, E. L. Morris and W. P. Gilliam.
Town Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—S. W. Paulett, Jr.
Commissioner of Revenue—Herbert Rice.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Police—Leslie Fogus and J. E. Ligon.
Supt Electric Plant—O. T. Wicker.
Chief Fire Department—G. M. Robeson.
Street Commissioner—J. S. Hart.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

(OFFICE AT FARMVILLE.)

Hon. Geo. J. Hundley, Judge Circuit Court.
Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge County Court.
Hon. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Att'y.
R. J. Whitehead, Clerk County Court.
J. E. Garland, Deputy Clerk County Court.
Woodson Venable, Clerk Circuit Court.
Supervisors: R. M. Burton, E. L. Dupuy, W. H. Hubbard, A. A. Haskins, G. W. Scott.
R. J. Carter, Commissioner of Revenue.
W. H. Ewing, Treasurer.
T. H. Dickinson, Sheriff.
R. I. Orange, Deputy Sheriff.
Thomas J. Garden, Superintendent Schools.

GOBLINS, GNOMES AND ELVES.

You have read of the fays and fairies, the goblins, gnomes and elves?
They dwell here right among you. Why, we are those folks ourselves;
The round-faced pudgy babies here in your laps and homes,
We are the frolicsome fairies, the goblins gay and gnomes.

'Tis strange how people wonder and seek both fast and far
For mysteries by the million which live right where they are.

Good fairies watch o'er mortals, their innocent ways and wiles,
Sow crops of good intentions you harvest in sheaves of smiles;
They gladden the poorest houses, bring hope to the poorest hearts,
And lend men inspiration to triumph in fields and marts.

Don't we these things accomplish, when baby's magic touch
Will brighten the poorest hovel and bless its mortals much?

Of course we are full of mischief, 'tis a trait of the gleesome elves,
But grown folks lean a little to troublesome ways themselves;
We keep them alert and watchful, restrain them from over-sleep,
And sometimes even up matters by making them scold and weep;
But we later give full measure of blessing disguised in noise,
Transmuting their brighter moments to jubilees packed with joys.

Their work would flag and falter but for babes enshrined at home;
We sometimes act as magnets, permitting them not to roam,
We hold their hearts at the fireside when their bodies are far away,
And we even make hard sinners remember their God and pray;
Of course we are mites but mighty, wee folk but wondrous strong,
For we turn to psalms the sighing, and we turn the sobs to song.

Yes, we are the fays and fairies, the goblins, gnomes and elves,
Combining all their witchcraft and wily ways ourselves;
We work grand transformations, sometimes by the midnight moon,
When papas waltz in "nighties" and trot to a home-made tune.
Don't strain your eyes far-seeking for hidden elves and charms,
Here are the wee folk nestling right in your laps and arms.

I. EDGAR JONES.

The Settee's Story

By Katherine Birdsall.

"BR-R-R-RUGH!" shivered the wicker settee. "I never realized what a noise one could make rattling his bones before—it seems as if all my joints needed oiling, like the spring chair inside the doctor's office. Why—"

"What do you know about the doctor's office?" asked the white painted rocking chair, rocking violently back and forth in the wind as if she enjoyed its snap. "Have you ever seen a doctor's office, and if you have, pray what is it like?"

"Why," laughed the settee, "I was born in one—or, rather, I was born in a factory like you were, but that is so long ago that I can hardly remember it."

The cane-seated piazza chair snickered, and looked at the white rocker, while he whispered almost loud enough for the settee to hear:

"There! I told you he was an old fossil. And that proves he is weak in his memory as well as in his legs. I'm going to give the old fellow a glue pot for his birthday."

The white rocker laughed softly. "Do hush, you funny boy," she said, shaking her head at him. "He's very nice, if he is old, and he is very interesting, too. He certainly knows more than some people do."

The cane-seated chair looked properly rebuked, and nodded a "yes," although he was a chair of settee experience himself, having for a number of years held an important position in the butler's pantry. It was worth while to be a little meek if it pleased the white rocker, for every one wished to be in her favor, she was such a bright, lively little thing.

"What is a doctor's office?" repeated the settee, when he had answered a question asked by the capacious red rocker. "Why, it is a room where—"

"And what is a room?" interrupted the white rocker. Whereupon the others burst out laughing.

"Why, my dear child," cried the red rocker, "what a baby you are, to be sure. But you came here right from the factory, didn't you? Do you mean to say you have never looked in the window here? A room is a place inside of a house, sometimes as small as this piazza, sometimes smaller or larger, surrounded by four walls, with windows and doors cut through. And it is always warm like summer in a room, with soft carpet on the floor, something like the grass, and sometimes a fine crackling fire in the chimney corner."

"Like they make on the lawn with twigs and dead leaves?" asked the little rocker. "O, how lovely! I'd give anything to live in a room."

"Perhaps you will some day," said the old settee. "The only trouble is that you feel the cold so when you are out again. Well, as I was saying, the doctor's office is a big room, with a little waiting room off of it. I went right to the waiting room from the factory, and I stayed there for a long time. I was used by all sorts of people, and sometimes one would lie down upon me and take a nap."

"Humph!" remarked the cane-seated chair. "I shouldn't think you would make a very comfortable bed."

"I was cushioned with green corduroy," said the settee, proudly, "and I was considered very handsome in those days. Finally the doctor, who was then only about 26—it was 18 years ago—moved me into his office, which is the room where he keeps all his medicine and instruments."

"He set his instrument case on me one day last week," said the little rocker proudly; "but it made me feel almost faint. I remember my rockers had to be cut off with an instrument called a saw, after I was painted, for the man who made me made them too long. It was dreadful!"

"Well, as I was about to say," shivered the settee, "everything under the sun sat on me from a little pickaninny baby to the general of the army. I used to get tired once in awhile and declare I just wouldn't hold another person. One day the dirtiest old tramp came in and had the impudence to sit on my fine cushions.

"I had just made up my mind to complain of a pain in my leg to the revolving chair by the desk, and then try to dislocate one of my bones and throw the tramp on the floor, when the door opened, and Bridget—the fussy old woman who would whisk every scrap of dirt off me every time she came into the room, even to digging out the holes the buttons were sewed in—opened the door, and in walked the most beautiful thing I ever laid eyes on."

"You must be blind now," suggested the cane seated piazza chair, looking at the little white rocker, whereupon she rocked more violently than ever to hide her embarrassment.

"It was a young lady who had hurt her ankle and come with her mother to see the doctor. The old tramp jumped up, and as I was the most comfortable seat in the room, they sat down. O, joyous moment! Had my arms only been flexible!" Here the old settee sighed and leaned against the green window shutter.

"Well," he continued in a minute, "when the doctor came into the room I could see that he was pleased, too. The tramp was disposed of in short order, and then the doctor talked with Miss Lynn—Faith Lynn, she said her name was.

"Many happy days for the doctor and for me followed. I had the advantage of the doctor in one way, but he could shake hands with her when she came and went, which certainly ought to have satisfied him.

"He began to grow very thoughtful, indeed, and instead of spending his leisure time in study, as he usually did, he went out a great deal. One night he came in quite late, and acted in such a queer way that I thought he had gone insane. He looked at himself in the mirror from top to toe, examined his hair, his eyes and his mustache thoroughly, and finally said aloud:

"'You're not such a bad looking chap, after all, Jack—perhaps you've a chance.'

"Then he came over and sat down on me for awhile, thinking deeply. Suddenly he jumped up, flung my cushions across the room and shouted: 'I'll do it—I'll do it to-morrow—what's that, you old duffer?' he added, turning to me. 'I must be growing crazy. I declare I thought the settee spoke!'

"I had spoken, of course, and quite freely, too, about his treatment of my cushions, but I said nothing more.

"Well, I did not see Miss Lynn for some days, and the next time she came in it was with the doctor, and they both looked so happy, and he kissed her right then and there. I could feel my green cushions almost turn red. I was so shocked. In a minute I understood, though, when they sat down together on me and discussed the date for the wedding."

The old settee stopped and cleared his throat, which had become quite husky.

"And was Mrs. Gregg Miss Lynn before she married the doctor?" asked the little white rocker, softly.

"Yes—and I held the bride on her wedding day when she felt faint and had to rest," said the settee. "Here comes Miss Phyllis, who is the image of her mother."

Phyllis Gregg, her cheeks rosy from a brisk early morning walk and her golden hair blowing kisses to them, came up the steps with her sister Dorothy, aged 12.

"See how human the chairs look, Dorothy," she said. "You could almost imagine that father's old settee had been telling stories of the times when it was young—the others seem to be turning toward it to listen."

"Isn't that funny!" cried Dorothy, her black eyes sparkling. "Phyllis, I'm going to take the little white rocker upstairs. It is so pretty and I need a rocker in my room," and she proceeded to carry it off, never noticing the groans of the settee, the pained look the cane-seated chair gave her, the approval of the old red rocker or the delight of the little white one on her way to explore the mysteries of the world.
—Boston Globe.

Making Him Whole.

"It takes the glorious old west to do business," said the man with the alligator grip as he boarded the train at St. Paul. "We of the east are not in it a little bit."

"Anything to relate?" queried one of the passengers as he woke up.

"Just a few words. I traveled from New York to Chicago with a staving-looking girl. At Buffalo I was gone on her. As we reached Chicago she had set the date. I returned home, wrote her 320 love letters and came out here to get married."

"And what?"

"She decided that she would marry another. She estimated the value of my time at $500, the worth of my letters at $300 and my broken heart at $200, and drew me a check for $1,000, and here it is. Gave her a receipt in full to date, kissed her good-by, and there you are and here I am. There's but one way to do business, and the west knows all about it. Yes, check for a thousand, and how many of you gentlemen will smoke a Henry Clay at my expense?"
—Buffalo Courier.

His Latest Book.

Towne—Wright's first book was very successful. He's very proud of it, I hear.

Browne—Ah, but he's prouder of his latest book.

"Oh, has he written another?"

"No; but his first book has enabled him to acquire another, which is quite new to him. It's a bank book."—Philadelphia Press.

TO HELP THE CAUSE.

Novel Method Adopted in New Brunswick, New Jersey, to Assist the Church.

The Pitman Methodist Episcopal church of New Brunswick, N. J., does not depend for an income upon what is put into its collection plates, reports the New York Journal. It has up-to-date methods of raising money. At the last church meeting the women of the congregation announced that the leading members must all either sing a song, tell a funny story or do some sort of an entertaining "turn." Those who failed were to be fined such sums as the woman's vigilance committee should decide upon.

Henry Arbogast, because his name begins with the first letter of the alphabet, was called upon to start. He blushed and started singing "Annie Rooney," the only song he knew. They fined him $5 on general principles.

William Clark recited "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," and had to pay $1 for being guilty of conduct calculated to create a breach of the peace. Some of the men provided substitutes and escaped punishment.

Five of the congregation were so unaccustomed to public speaking that when they were called upon they could only sit as if glued to their seats and blush. One man was so overcome with bashfulness that he couldn't put his hand in his pocket to get the money to pay his fine, and an usher had to fish it out.

The church netted $100 from the entertainment, and it will hold another of the same kind next time it needs money.

NOT PIETY, BUT PORK.

Dinners, Not Doubts, Are What Most Men Are Wrestling With, Say These Women.

The following bit of non-conformist humor is taken from "The Farringdons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, worthy wives, but not altogether above feeling a certain pleasure in showing up the ways of husbands.

"They've no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hankey; "that's what's the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are a-wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are a-wrestling with them.

"Now, take Bateson himself," continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better Methodist never drew breath; yet, so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I says to him:

"'Bateson,' said I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer, when a pinch o' carbonate o' soda would set things straight again.'"

RAILWAYS OF CHINA.

They Are Few in Number and Those Are Mostly Controlled by Foreigners.

China has few railways, the policy of foreign exclusion so long in vogue having prevented their construction, says the New York Sun. Most of the lines in existence are in the region which is now the scene of military operations and of the depredations of the Boxers. A railway 80 miles long, belonging to an English company, extends from the port of Tientsin north to Peking. At Fengtai, five miles south of Peking on this line, begins the Belgian "Lu-Han" railway, which extends southwest 78 miles to Paotingfu, where the Boxers have been particularly active. Both the English and the Belgian lines have been largely destroyed by the rioters. From Tientsin a railway extends 287 miles eastward to Chenchou, and there are branches aggregating 50 miles. Altogether the English system has 407 miles and the Belgian 88. It is the former that is to be ultimately connected with Moukden, in the Russian sphere, where it will connect with the Siberian railway. About 60 miles of the American Hankan-Peking line has been graded, but work is now stopped.

Breach of Papal Etiquette.

A story from Rome says that some ladies made their appearance at a papal reception, to the grave displeasure of the pope, in ballroom dress. A well known cardinal was instructed to apprise these offenders of their breach of etiquette. The cardinal thus fulfilled his somewhat delicate mission: "The pope," he said, "is old-fashioned, and does not like decollete dresses; but I am quite accustomed to them, for I have been so much among savages when a missionary that I do not mind them."

Pigeon Pie for Sailors.

An old tar on a sailing vessel says that sailors on ships in the regular lane between Europe and New York are always sure of pigeon pie the day after the carrier pigeon service leaves this port. He added that pigeons flying at sea soon get tired and settle on the first craft that comes their way. The impression is gaining that pigeons are not so useful for long ocean flights as has been believed.

Irrigation in the Sahara.

A fine example of man's triumphs over adverse natural conditions is to be seen in the Sahara. That region has long been identified with utter sterility and barrenness. Yet through the simple expedient of irrigation by artesian wells, more than 12,000,000 acres of it have already been made abundantly fertile.

DONKEY LIKES BEER.

A Sad Case of What Seems to Be Inherited Inebriety.

Shaggy Not Only Gets Drunk Herself, But Rushes the Growler for Her Mother—Stays Sober on Sundays Only.

According to the Denver Evening Post, Shaggy is the prettiest little donkey that ever came to life in West Denver. She is so "cute" that the women never pass her without making some remark complimentary to the little animal.

Shaggy is the property of A. E. Thomas, who conducts a saloon at Ninth street and Santa Fe avenue, and how the saloon man came to own her is this way: The man had a friend who was a miner and owned Granny, the mother of Shaggy. Granny was a pack donkey and a good one, too, before she got a touch of city life. She would carry her master's tools, bedding, provisions and anything that could be piled on her back, up the long, steep mountain to where the owner had a "prospect." She never kicked or grumbled about her labor, and was perfectly contented with her duties and an opportunity to eat pine bark and snow to sustain life and strength. The owner of Granny went to Cripple Creek, and of course the donkey went along. He was successful in striking a "pocket," and from the proceeds lined his pockets with good hard coin. He got his money for the sole purpose, he said, of spending it, so the inmates of the dance halls showed him the way. He always took Granny with him to the dance halls so he could ride her back to his cabin after he had consumed all the beer he could hold.

One night, just for fun, some of the men around the dance hall poured enough beer down Granny's throat to get her about "half seas over." Then she reeled into the dance hall like a drunken man and brayed at the noisy piano. From that time on Granny was worthless as a pack animal. When the pack was placed on her back and she was started up the hill Granny bucked it off and ran as fast as she could for a dance hall. The electric

CARRYING BEER TO GRANNY.

lights, the piano and the beer formed a combination that Granny could not resist, and she became a slave to the liquor habit and a loose character generally. So her owner decided to send her to Saloon Keeper Thomas for the purpose of breaking her of her bad habits and to be kept away from evil influences.

Granny was tied in a shed back of the saloon and it was not long until a wee bit of a colt was born to her. The odd little beast was christened Shaggy. It grew rapidly, and one day it walked into the saloon and stuck its nose up to the bar. The bartender offered Shaggy a glass of beer and she greedily drank the beverage from the glass as the bartender held it to her mouth. That turned her head, and now she can safely be termed an incorrigible, without a protest from a broken-hearted mother, for Granny seems to glory in the unusual action of her daughter.

It was noticed that when Shaggy returned to her mother after drinking her fill of beer that the kind parent licked the foam off her daughter's lips. All sorts of pranks were played on Shaggy by the men who gathered in the saloon, by "doping" the beer, and she was teased and tormented until she became like a "spoiled child."

She was taught to take a small bucket of beer in her teeth and carry it out to Granny, but she would not carry it until she had been given all she wanted. She was a good drawing card for the saloon, for men bought beer just for the purpose of seeing the little donkey drink it.

One day Shaggy, while very drunk, dropped the pail of beer she was carrying to her mother and the beer was spilled. Granny, on seeing the accident, brayed loudly, and her wail must have meant something awful in donkey language. Shaggy resented the insult, or whatever it was, and started in to chastise her mother.

Granny had witnessed too many troubles in the dance halls of Cripple Creek to allow herself to be bested. Shaggy had only fairly started on the job she had undertaken when she fell unconscious from a right-and-left uppercut from her mother's heels. Shaggy was prefectly sober when she came to her senses and she has not dropped the pail of beer since.

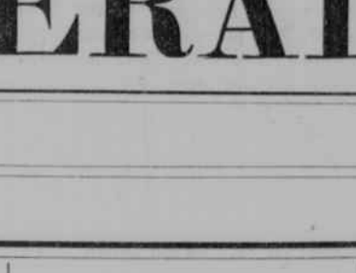
Every day—except Sunday, of course—Shaggy drinks all the beer she wants, and can be seen rushing the growler for her ma. Mr. Thomas says it is no use in trying to reform Granny, and insists that Shaggy inherited her taste for liquor. Drunkard or no drunkard, however, Shaggy has many friends in West Denver, but children are not allowed to associate with her on account of her habits.

INGENIOUS BOATMEN.

Stone-Workers Out in Oregon Devise a Boat Which Pulls Itself Up-Stream.

In St. Nicholas Francis Ellington Leupp describes an ingenious device by which certain Oregon stone-workers save themselves a deal of unnecessary labor.

Doubtless nearly every boy with a taste for out-of-door sports, he says, has made a boat which the wind or the current would cause to float over the surface of a pond. I have seen some lads rig up rafts on which they could themselves ride down a swift-flowing creek; and I knew one, even, who was clever enough to build a complete little steamboat. He could light a lamp under the little boiler, and the steam would form, and the piston would work, and the wheels



ROPE WINDING ITSELF AROUND AXLE.

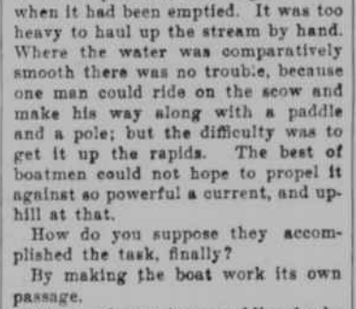
would revolve, just as in a big vessel that carries passengers and freight. The trouble with all these toy boats, however, is that they will go only one way. Having made their trip, they have to be toilsomely dragged back by hand to be started again in the same direction.

While traveling in Oregon, some time ago, I discovered a boat which seemed to me the most ingenious thing of its kind I had ever seen. It was built by some stoneworkers to convey their stone from the quarry well up toward the head of a small river, down to the mouth. The stream is everywhere so shallow that it can be forded without danger; but it is broken at intervals by stretches of rapids, or "riffles," as they are called in that neighborhood, often extending as far as 150 feet. The men built a flat-bottomed boat, which they loaded with stone, and it carried its cargo down the stream admirably. But then arose the problem, how to get it back when it had been emptied. It was too heavy to haul up the stream by hand. Where the water was comparatively smooth there was no trouble, because one man could ride on the scow and make his way along with a paddle and a pole; but the difficulty was to get it up the rapids. The best of boatmen could not hope to propel it against so powerful a current, and uphill at that.

How do you suppose they accomplished the task, finally?

By making the boat work its own passage.

They made two large paddle-wheels, which they placed one on each side of the scow, and joined them by a thin but strong piece of wood, in the shape of a cylinder. This turned with the wheels, and served the double purpose of an axle and a windlass. Each end of the cylinder, near where it joined the wheels, played in a socket somewhat like the row-lock used with an oar, only stationary, and mounted on the top of a triangular truss. To the cylinder was fastened a rope about 200 feet long. When the boat reached the bottom of a rapid, it would be made fast to the shore. Then the man in charge of the boat would ford the stream and mount the opposite bank, taking with him the rope in a coil, and paying it gradually out as he walked, so as to keep it always taut. At the head of the rapid, or a trifle beyond, he would fasten the further end of the rope to a tree. The moorings of the boat would be loosed, and the current left to do the rest without assistance. The paddle-wheels, unable to resist the force of the water flowing against their sunken blades, would slowly revolve, and, of course, every revolution of the wheels would cause the rope to wind itself around the axle. With each turn of the rope the boat would necessarily be drawn forward and up the stream; so, by the effect of the continued winding, it would gradually rise and rise till it reached the place where the current ceased to exert so



BOAT PULLING ITSELF UPSTREAM.

much power. There it would be made fast again, until the rope could be disengaged from the cylinder and coiled, ready for use when needed. Then the man would cut loose, seize his paddle or pole, and work away till the next rapid was reached, when he would start off with his rope and repeat the operation described above.

This process is wearisome with a heavy stone-boat but it struck me, as I watched it, that a bright boy could adapt it to a toy scow and get a deal of amusement out of it. If the experiment did nothing more, it would at least be a lesson in the art which every mechanic must learn—of making the forces of nature his servants, and compelling them to do for him what would otherwise require a good deal of labor at his hands.

THE LONE SENTRY.

On one occasion during the civil war the confederate troops under Gen. Jackson were forced to a long and very fatiguing march. On going into camp for the night they were so exhausted that the entire command fell upon the ground and were soon sound asleep. Jackson was so moved with pity by the condition of his men that he would not force anyone to stand guard and took that duty upon himself. The following lines were written in commemoration of the incident:

'Twas in the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still—
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill;
Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
As one lone sentry paced his rounds
To guard the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,
With deep and somber brow;
The dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
Some unaccomplished vow;
A wistful glance peered o'er the plain,
Beneath the starry light,
And with the murmured name of God
He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll;
Manassas and the valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpesburg thundered by
With that tremendous fight,
Which gave to him the angels' hosts
Who watched the camp that night.

Brethren, the midnight of the cause
Is shrouded in our fate;
The demon Goths pollute our halls
With fire and lust and hate;
Be strong, be valiant, be assured—
Strike home for heaven and right;
The soul of Jackson stalks abroad,
And guards the camp at night.

We mourn for him who died for us,
With that resistless moan,
While up the valley of the Lord
He marches to the throne;
He kept the faith of men and saints,
Sublime and pure and bright;
He sleeps, and all is well with him
Who watched the camp that night.
—St. Louis Republic.

IN AWE OF GENERAL LEE.

Darky Feared Effect of the Commander's Ideas on an Ordinary Head.

In a group of old confederates gathered around the campfire at the headquarters, at No. 436 West Jefferson street, the other evening, was an ex-captain of Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry. The talk had drifted to the love that the men of the southern army bore for their leader, and a dozen or more stories were told of some little incident in which that love had manifested itself, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. Then the captain spoke:

"Your stories prove the love that the men of the south had for Gen. Lee, but I remember a conversation with an old negro, who, I believe, had a truer appreciation of his worth than any of you.

"After the war closed Gen. Lee assumed the presidency of Washington college, now known as Washington and Lee university.

"Ten years ago I visited Lexington, Va., to see the grave of Lee, who lies buried in the family vault of the university chapel. The head janitor was then a white-haired old negro, whose greatest delight in life was to usher a party of visitors into the office that had been Gen. Lee's. His accent in speaking of 'Mars Robert' was one of awed reverence. I asked him a number of questions, and found that his

"'WHUT'S DE TRUBBLE?' I SEZ TER 'IM."

master had been a colonel on Lee's staff, and that he had been employed as a cook at headquarters. In a spirit of banter I asked him if he had ever heard anyone say anything disrespectful about Gen. Lee. He scratched his head reflectively, and then said:

"'Yas, sir; jes' one time.'

"'How was it?' I asked.

"'Well, sir, 'twus dis erway. One night erbout de middle ob de war I seed a curi'us man go inter de gin'l's tent. He cum out, en whin he got upter whar I wuz he wuz er-rippin' en er-roarin' and er-snortin'.

"'"Whut's de trubble?" I sez to 'im.

"'"Trubble," sez he. "I jes got orders ter ride 40 miles ter-night wid er messidge, en here 'tis er-snowin' en er-blowin' en er-sleetin' lak all perssed. I'm darned ef I know what Gin'l Lee's er-thinkin' erbout."'

"'What did you say to him, Uncle Tom?' I asked of the old janitor.

"'I say ter 'im?' he replied. 'Well, sir, I jes' looked at 'im fer a minnit en then sez ter 'im: "Fo Gawd, I doan' reckin yer does know whut Gin'l Lee's er-thunkin' erbout. Man, sir, ef one er Gin'l Lee's thots wuz ter get inter yer haid 'twould bus' it open."'"

One Way to Do It.

He—Have you done as I asked, Elise, and saved some money this month?

She—Oh, yes; I spoke to the grocer and asked him not to send in his bill till next month!—Fliegende Blaetter.